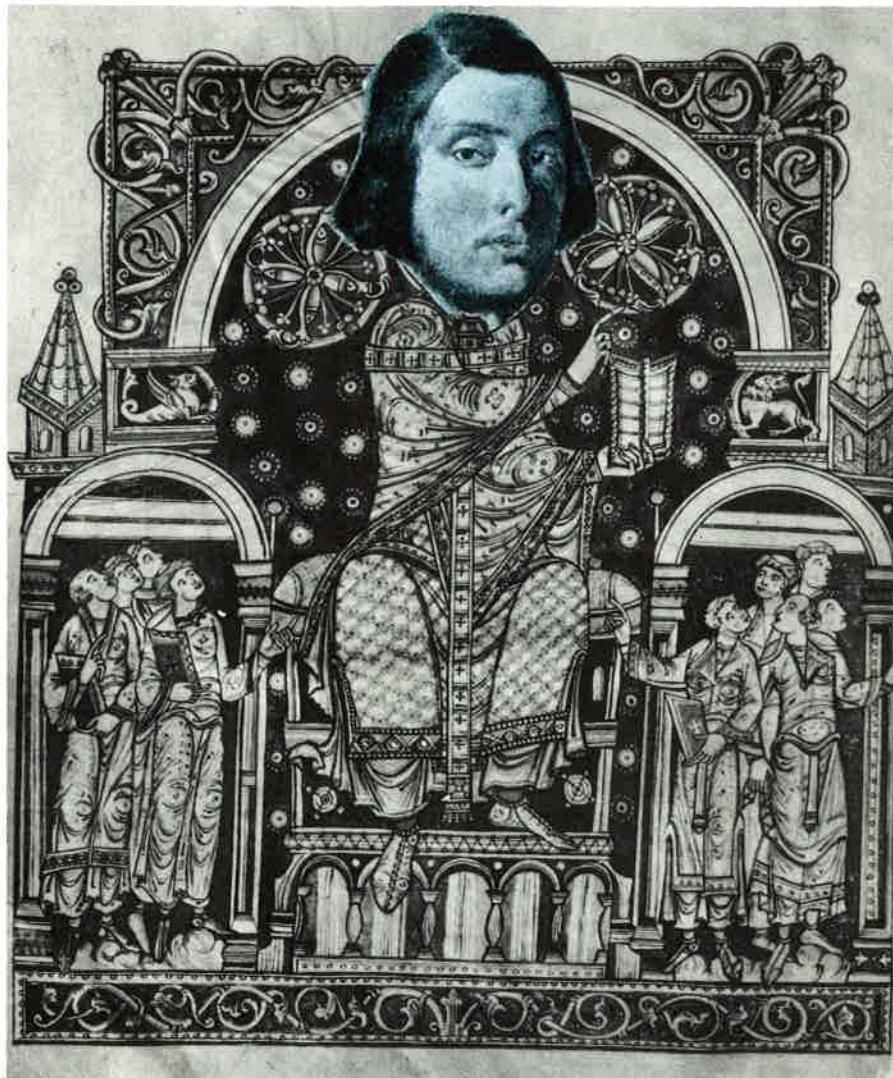
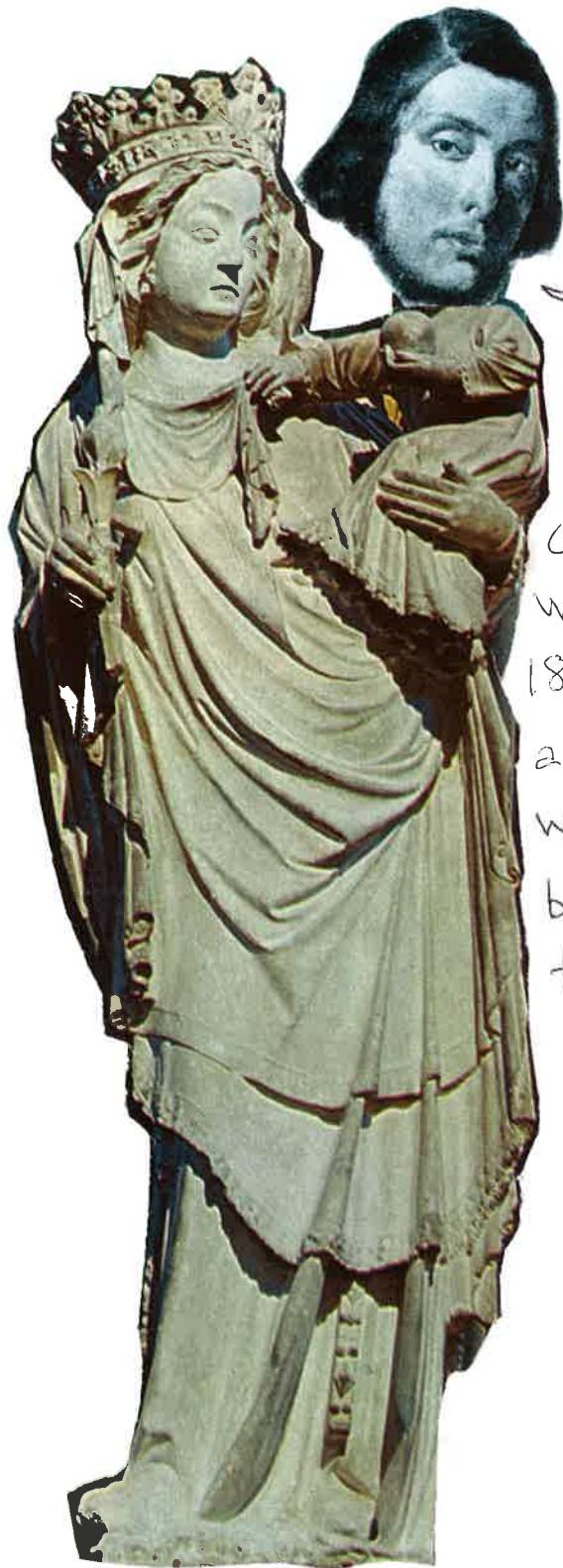


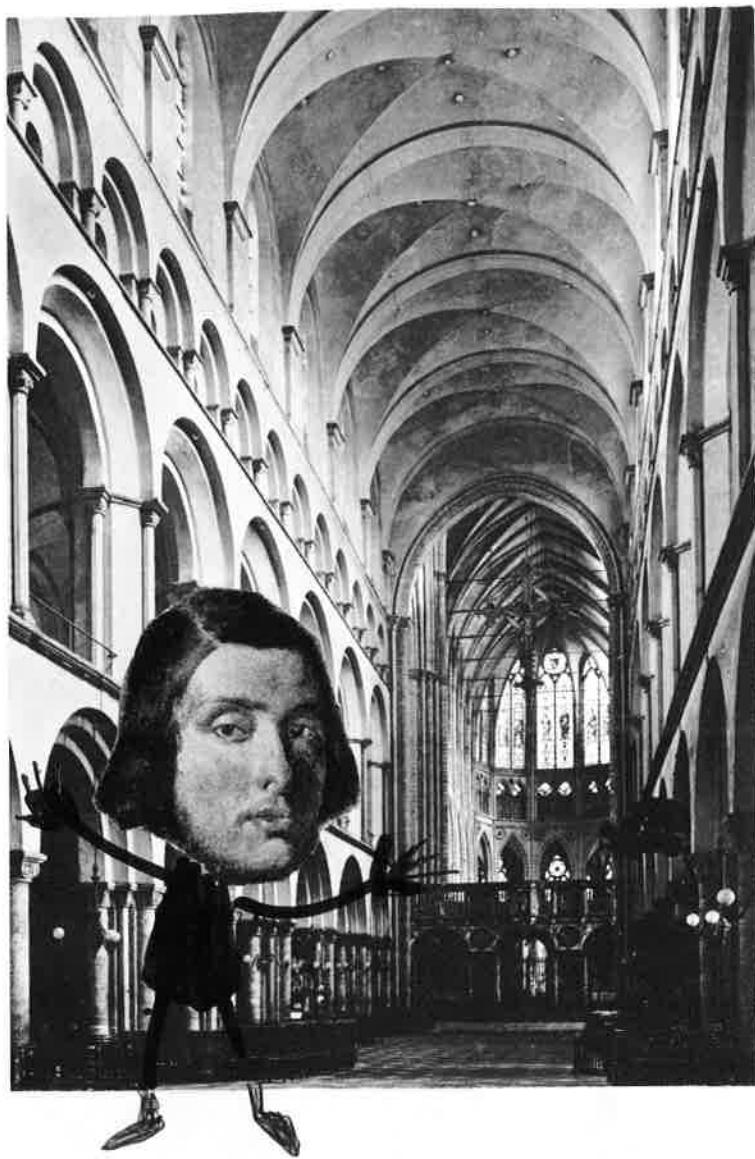
Celestin Nanteuil:



Time Traveler of the
Avant-Garde



Celestin Nanteuil
was born around
1811, but it was
a mistake. He
was supposed to
be born during
the Middle Ages.



He hung out constantly in Cathedrals,
pretending he was an angel, knight,
monk, and Book Illuminator.



Fuck you,
19th Century!

Scorning his century,
Celestin dressed
in medieval clothes
and loved
avant-garde poetry,
novels, and art.

He drew and painted constantly whilst riding his pet dragon, or whatever kind of monster it was.

Yee-ha!
I need to buy
more ink, giddup!

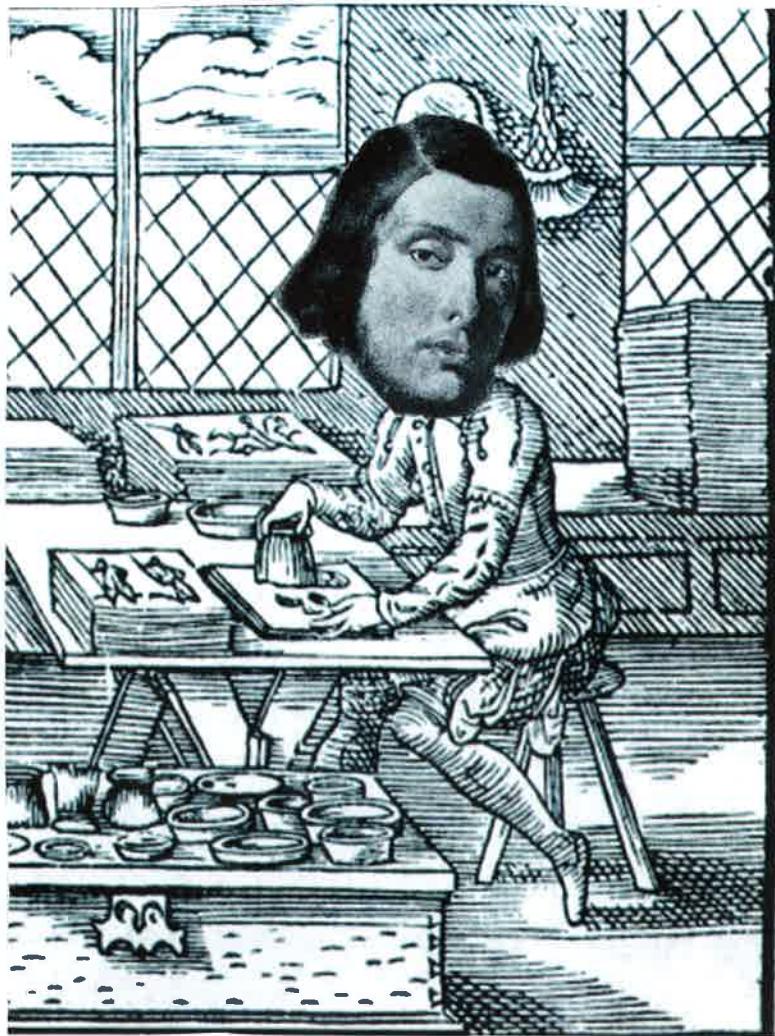


When the Romanticist Army invaded Classicism, Celestin led a war-band of Avant-Gardists into the Battle of Hernani, riding his dragon-thing.



It was truly glorious.

Soon, Nanteuil became the designer and illuminator of the best books of the Romanticist Avant-Garde.



He lived happily ever after.
(until he died, obviously)

A largely true history
by Olchar E. Lindsann



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